MARVEL
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4 of 5
DARK REIGN
DIGGLE • RANEY • HANNA • GURU
HAWKEYE
DIRECT EDITION
PARENTAL ADVISORY
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Bullseye was the world's deadliest assassin, a man capable of turning any object into a lethal weapon. His unhealthy obsession with the hero Daredevil led him to perform increasingly sociopathic acts of violence – most of which ended with Bullseye broken, beaten, or behind bars. After a year as a member of the Thunderbolts, Bullseye was offered the chance of a lifetime by Norman Osborn, the newly-elected director of H.A.M.M.E.R., America's peacekeeping task force...

In exchange for a life of leisure and riches, Bullseye joins Osborn's new Avengers. The catch: the assassin has to don the mask and identity of Hawkeye, the wisecracking archer. Joining other similarly disguised super villains, "Hawkeye" and his teammates become the means by which Osborn controls America. And their new employer has but one rule: these killers must act like heroes. Or else.

Osborn's happy with the quick work Hawkeye made of a terrorist cell called the P.T.S.F. – but not so thrilled with the discovery of a dead Senator carved with cross hairs – Bullseye's old trademark. Hawkeye, who swears he's not responsible for the killing, is convinced someone is trying to drive him crazy. The man may be paranoid...but an ambush by an army of Bullseyes proves he may be on to something!

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SOMEWHERE IN MANHATTAN.
WE HAVE HAWKEYE.
WHAT ARE YOUR ORDERS, SIR?
WHAT DO YOU THINK? HE JUST TOOK OUT MY FRIGGIN' EYE!
KILL HIM!

SHIKK
BLAM
AAAGH!
THERE'S MORE TO BULLSEYE THAN JUST A COSTUME...
KRUNCH
....AND YOU SCHMUCKS ARE ABOUT TO LEARN HOW MUCH MORE!
MOVE--
CUT HIM DOWN!
BRAHHA
BRAHHA
BRAHHA

OOF!
AHH!
BRATTA
BRATTA
BRATTA
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK
SPAK

BRAKK!
SO. WHO ARE YOU LOSERS...?
AAAGH!
FZZZAAK
WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW.

FRONT LINE NEWSPAPER. EDITORIAL SUITE.
EVENING, MISTER URICH. WORKING LATE AGAIN?
EH? OH... UH-HUH.
HUH. DAMN LIGHTS ARE ON THE FRITZ...
KLIK KLIK KLIK
DON'T TURN AROUND.
AAH!
WHAT... WHAT IS THIS ABOUT?
WHEN I GAVE YOU THOSE FILES, I TOLD YOU TO DIG.

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO--?
I--I HAVE BEEN DIGGING.
NOT DEEP ENOUGH. I CAN POINT YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, BUT YOU NEED TO UNCOVER THE TRUTH THROUGH YOUR OWN INVESTIGATION.
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN COVER MYSELF.
SENATOR IRVING GRAY WAS MURDERED THIS MORNING. HE'S A PART OF THIS, ISN'T HE?
DID BULLSEYE KILL HIM?
KINGMAKER WANTS US TO THINK SO.
"KINGMAKER"...?

GRAY WAS A BUREAUCRAT. HE DIDN'T RUN THE N.S.A. BLACK OPS UNIT--HE JUST RUBBER-STAMPED THE REQUISITION FORMS FROM BEHIND A DESK IN MARYLAND.
FIELD OPS WERE RUN BY AN AGENT CODE-NAMED KINGMAKER.
THEN...WHO IS KINGMAKER?
SENATOR GRAY KNEW.
THAT'S WHY HE HAD TO DIE.
HAS...HAS KINGMAKER REACTIVATED THE P.T.S.E. TERROR CELL?
HAS--
--HELLO...?
OH BOY.

ELSEWHERE.
YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY YOU CAN'T MOVE.
IT'S CALLED MOTOR NERVE INDUCTION PARALYSIS.
THE GIZMO ABOVE YOUR HEAD IS BLOCKING THE NERVE SIGNALS FROM YOUR BRAIN. AND THERE'S NOT A DAMN THING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.
YOU CAN STILL BREATHE, AND THINK, AND FEEL...
BUT YOU CAN'T MOVE A MUSCLE BELOW THE NECK.
WHICH MEANS THERE'S NOTHING TO STOP ME DOING THIS.
WHOKK
COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY. I SHOULD KILL YOU FOR TAKING MY EYE...
BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS. AND FOR WHATEVER REASON, KINGMAKER WANTS YOU ALIVE.
SOLO...

GIVE US THE ROOM.

LATER FOR YOU.
WAIT.
BEFORE YOU GO, THERE'S A COUPLE THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW.
ONE: OBVIOUSLY, I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.
AND TWO: WHATEVER THIS GUY'S BEEN TELLING YOU, IT'S A LIE.
SURE. YOU'D SAY ANYTHING RIGHT NOW TO SAVE YOUR OWN SKIN.
HE'S MY FATHER.

SOLO! I SAID GIVE US THE ROOM.
YOU'RE HERE TO FOLLOW ORDERS, NOT SECOND-GUESS THEM.
NOW GO AND CHANGE OUT OF THAT RIDICULOUS COSTUME.
SIR.
HELLO, LESTER.
JUST GET IT OVER WITH AND SPARE ME THE GLOATING.
BUT THAT WOULD BE MISSING THE POINT. IF I JUST WANTED YOU DEAD, I'D HAVE DONE IT LONG BEFORE NOW.
OH, DON'T GET ME WRONG. THIS ISN'T MERCY. FAR FROM IT, IN FACT.
YOU'LL SEE.

"YOU SEE, LESTER, THERE HAVE BEEN PLENTY OF TIMES I'VE WISHED I HAD STRANGLED YOU AT BIRTH...
HI, DAD.
"BUT AFTER WHAT YOU DID TO ME*, I CAME UP WITH SO MUCH MORE ELEGANT A REVENGE.
"AFTER ALL, WE ARE OF THE SAME FLESH, YOU AND I. AND SINCE YOU ALL BUT DESTROYED MY BODY..."
*SEE BULLSEYE: GREATEST HITS --BLOODY BILL.

...HOW FITTING IT IS THAT I SHOULD TAKE YOUR BODY FOR MYSELF.
"YOU SEE, LESTER, IT'S ALL THANKS TO SOLO.
"HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF SOME KIND OF LONE WOLF ANTI-TERROR UNIT.
"HIS TELEPORTATION ABILITY MAKES HIM A USEFUL PAWN, BUT THE GULLIBLE FOOL HAS NO IDEA WHY I'VE REALLY HAD HIM RUNNING AROUND NEW YORK IN A BULLSEYE SUIT.
"HE THINKS THIS IS ALL PART OF AN N.S.A. COUNTER-TERRORIST OPERATION.
"THAT'S WHY HE TELEPORTED ME OUT OF THAT DENIABLE PRISON AFTER YOU LEFT ME THERE TO BURN."

SOLO HAD BEEN HUNTING THE P.T.S.F. TERROR CELL FOR YEARS, AND BELIEVED I HAD INTEL THAT WOULD HELP HIM...
...POOR DELUDED FOOL. HE STILL HAS NO IDEA I CREATED THE P.T.S.F.
I'VE BEEN USING HIM EVER SINCE--EVEN WHILE I RE-ACTIVATED THE TERROR CELL BEHIND HIS BACK.
SO ALL THIS WAS FOR MY BENEFIT.
WHAT ELSE? YOU'VE TRIED TO KILL ME BEFORE, AND FAILED.
WHEN I RECOGNIZED YOU WEARING THAT LUDICROUS MASK ON TELEVISION, I KNEW THIS TIME I SHOULD GET MY RETALIATION IN FIRST.
WITH SOME HALF-ASSED ATTEMPT TO DRIVE ME CRAZY. SERIOUSLY, GOONS IN BULLSEYE COSTUMES? HOLOGRAM PROJECTORS...?
PRETTY LAME. EVEN BY YOUR STANDARDS.
CRUDE MEANS, I'LL GRANT YOU. BUT IT WAS ENOUGH TO PUT YOU OFF YOUR GAME. PUSH YOU TO THE EDGE...
SEND YOU RUNNING BLINDLY INTO THE TRAP I SET YOU.

I NEEDED YOU ALIVE AND UNHARMED, YOUR BODY IN PERFECT PHYSICAL CONDITION...
...IF I'M TO TRANSFER MY BRAIN INTO IT.
AND WITH YOU BEING MY OWN ILL-BEGOTTEN SON...
...WELL, THERE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLESOME TISSUE REJECTION CONCERNS, WILL THERE?
AND YOU'RE GOING TO FEEL EVERY SECOND OF IT, AS THE GOOD DOCTOR HERE SCALPS AND TREPANS YOU, THEN SCOOPS YOUR STILL-LIVING BRAIN FROM YOUR SKULL.
SO. WHAT DO YOU THINK?
I THINK YOUR PARENTING SKILLS COULD USE A LITTLE WORK.

SOLO HAD BEEN HUNTING THE P.T.S.F. TERROR CELL FOR YEARS, AND BELIEVED I HAD INTEL THAT WOULD HELP HIM...
...POOR DELUDED FOOL.
TIK
POOR DELUDED FOOL.
TIK
POOR DELUDED FOOL.

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.
MOST PEOPLE'D FIGURE A HIGH-FALOOTIN' NEWSPAPER REPORTER'D BE ABLE TA READ THE DAMN SIGN!
TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT!
MOST PEOPLE'D FIGURE NOBODY THEIR RIGHT MIND WOULD SWAP A LUXURY CONDO FOR A JUNKYARD WINNEBAGO UNDER A CELL-PHONE TOWER...
...UNLESS HE WAS ILLEGALLY HACKED INTO IT.
HELL, IT AIN'T JUST THE CELL NETWORK. A.T.C., POLICE BAND, H.A.M.M.E.R. ENCRYPTION RELAYS, IT ALL GOES THROUGH HERE...
AND THERE WAS ME THINKING YOU'D RETIRED.
YOU DON'T RETIRE FROM THIS GAME, URICH. NOT 'TIL IT RETIRES YOU.
WHAT D'YOU WANT?

WE NEED TO TALK...
LAST TIME I TALKED TA YOU, I ALMOST GOT MYSELF SUICIDED BY A ROXXON WETWORK TEAM IN A HOTEL TOILET IN PANAMA CITY.
I NEVER DISCLOSE MY SOURCES, SPUDGER. YOU KNOW THAT.
YEAH, WELL. THEY HAVE WAYS OF FINDING THINGS OUT. YES THEY DO.
WAYS YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE...
LISTEN, I KNOW YOU STILL HAVE YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND, AND I NEED SOME HELP. I THINK I'VE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING BIG AND, WELL...
...I THINK MY LIFE MIGHT BE IN DANGER.
I WAS A S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENT FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, URICH. AND YOU KNOW WHAT I LEARNED IN THAT TIME...?
ALL OF OUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER EVERY SECOND OF EVERY DAY.
WHAT MAKES YOURS SO SPECIAL?

LOOK, I CAN UNDERSTAND YOU'RE BITTER ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO S.H.I.E.L.D. BUT MAYBE THIS COULD BE A CHANCE TO PUT SOME OF THAT RIGHT.
I KNOW YOU GUYS KEPT TABS ON THE N.S.A....AND THEY KEPT TABS ON YOU.
N.S.A.?
"NO SUCH AGENCY..."
HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF AN N.S.A. SPY-MASTER WHO WENT BY THE CODENAME OF KINGMAKER?
WH-WHAT? WHAT IS IT--?
INSIDE.
YOU WANNA TALK ABOUT THAT SON OF A BITCH...?
FIRST I'M GONNA REDLINE MY SECURITY SETUP.

NOW THEN. SHALL WE BEGIN?
SURE THING, DOC.
BUT YOU'RE GONNA NEED A VIBRANIUM SCALPEL.
AND WHY IS THAT?
TWO REASONS.
ONE, MY SKULL IS LACED WITH ADAMANTIUM...
OH.
AND TWO...
...THE ADAMANTIUM'S BLOCKING YOUR NEURAL INHIBITOR.
WHAT?
WHAT?
WHAT?!

BOO!
NEXT ISSUE:
NOT SO MUCH
WITH THE FORGIVING
AND FORGETTING...

NEXT ISSUE: